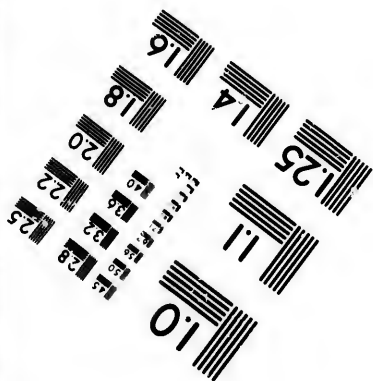
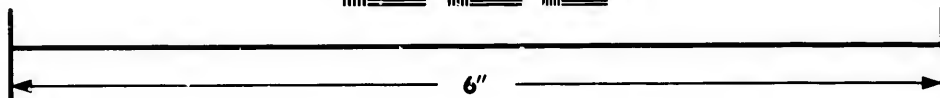
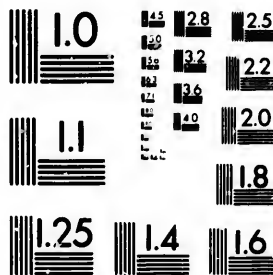


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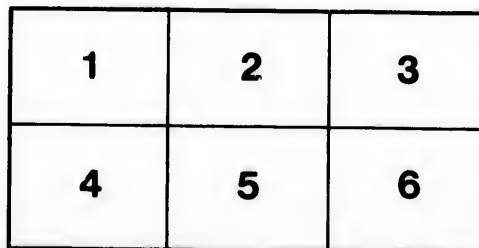
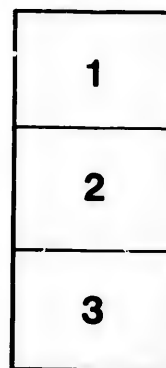
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DAVIAULT

THE

Quebec-Cacouna-Saguenay

NOTE-BOOK.

# SEA BATHING.

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## St. Lawrence Hall, Cacouna.

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**T**HIS ESTABLISHMENT has been considerably ENLARGED during the past winter, and is now capable of affording accommodation for SIX HUNDRED GUESTS. Additional land has been purchased and laid out in Pleasure Grounds ; it is beautifully situated on the Banks of the St. Lawrence, commanding a fine view of the River ; and the Steamers and Vessels pass up and down in close proximity to the place. The BATHING accommodation has also been much improved. Billiard Tables, Bowling Alleys, &c., &c., &c., on the premises. Instrumental Band always in attendance. There is a Telegraph Office in the Hotel, an advantage not possessed by any place on the North Shore ; and with the advantage of Railroad and Steamboat conveyance daily, it stands unrivalled by any other place of the description in Canada. It is superfluous to say more in its favour than the fact that a number of the most prominent citizens of the Provinces have there built beautiful residences and occupy them during the Summer months : probably not less than THREE THOUSAND people are located here in various cottages. There are three different places of public worship in the village. Stabling has been erected on the premises, enabling parties to keep their own Horses and Carriages at reasonable rates. The Proprietor has also arranged with Mr. VILLIERS, of Quebec, to take down a Stable of Horses, and give riding lessons daily ; he has a number of Side Saddles for the use of Ladies. In fact, no pains have been spared to render this place a favourite resort during the summer months. Liberal arrangements will be made with parties remaining the whole or part of the Season. Transient visitors charged at the rate of \$2.50 per day.

Messrs. SHIPMAN, JUNR., & KENLEY,  
MAY, 1870. MANAGERS.



**RUSSELL'S HOTEL,**  
**PALACE STREET,**  
**QUEBEC.**

---

**SAMUEL BROWNING, Manager.**

---

**T**HE undersigned, in assuming the Management of this popular HOTEL, begs to intimate his determination to accommodate his numerous friends and the travelling public in the best possible manner, and solicits that patronage so generously accorded to him while proprietor of the OTTAWA HOTEL, MONTREAL.

*☞ Terms unexceptionably reasonable.*

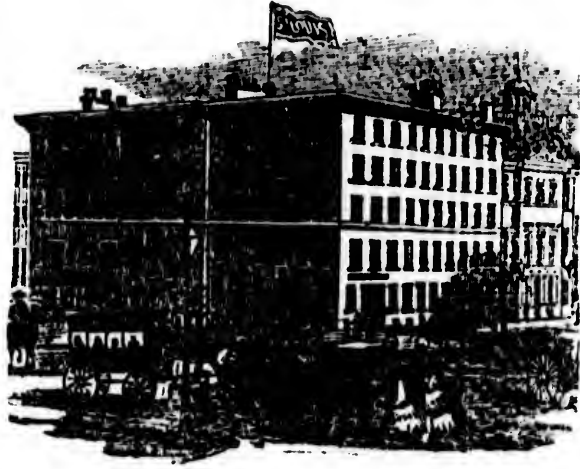
**SAMUEL BROWNING,**

LATE OF THE OTTAWA HOTEL,

MAY, 1870.

MONTREAL.





ST. LOUIS HOTEL, ST. LOUIS STREET,  
AND  
RUSSELLS' HOTEL, PALACE STREET,  
QUEBEC.

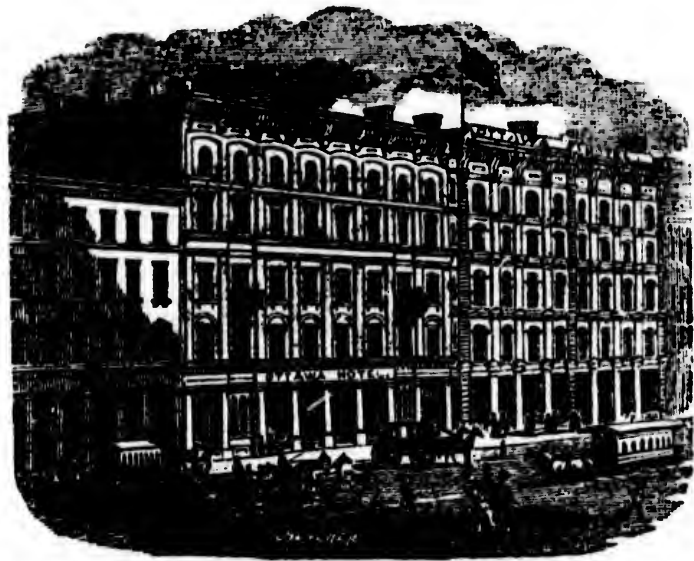
**THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL**, which is unrivalled for **SIZE, STYLE** and **LOCALITY**, in **QUEBEC**, is open only during the **SEASON** of **PLEASURE TRAVEL**.

It is eligibly situated, near to and surrounded by the most delightful and fashionable promenades, the **GOVERNOR'S GARDEN**, the **CITADEL**, the **ESPLANADE**, the **PLACE D'ARMES**, and **DURHAM TERRACE**, which furnish the splendid views and **Magnificent Scenery** for which Quebec is so justly celebrated, and which is unsurpassed in any part of the world.

The Proprietors, in returning thanks for the very liberal patronage they have hitherto enjoyed, inform the public that these **HOTELS** have been thoroughly renovated and embellished, and can now accommodate about 500 Visitors; and assure them that nothing will be wanting on their part that will conduce to the comforts and enjoyment of their Guests.

MAY, 1870.

W. RUSSELL & SON,  
Proprietors.



**OTTAWA HOTEL,**  
**Montreal,**  
**DOMINION OF CANADA.**

**T**HE UNDERSIGNED respectfully inform their numerous friends and patrons in CANADA and the UNITED STATES, that by the recent enlargement and improvements effected in this Establishment, they are now prepared to accommodate over **THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY GUESTS**. The **OTTAWA HOTEL** covers the entire space of ground running between St. James and Notre Dame streets, and has two beautiful Fronts: the one on the right of the above cut represents the front on Notre Dame; the other, on the left, the St. James-street Front. The House has been thoroughly re-fitted and furnished with every regard to comfort and luxury; has Hot and Cold-Water, with Baths and Closets, on each floor. The aim has been to make this the most unexceptionable **FIRST-CLASS HOTEL** in **MONTREAL**. Mr. BURNETT trusts that his large experience in first-class Hotels in New York City and the United States, will give confidence to his friends and the Travelling Public that they will receive every comfort and attention at the Ottawa. Notwithstanding the large outlay in Furnishing, Frescoing, and other extensive improvements, the charges per day will be two dollars and a half. Carriages, with attentive drivers, can be had at all times, by application at the office. Coaches will also be found at the Railway Depot and Steamboat Landings, on the arrival of the several Trains and Steamers.

**BURNETT & DOYLE, PROPRIETORS.**

**D. C. BERNETT**, late Proprietor of **WOODRUFF HOUSE**, Watertown N. Y., and **St. James' Hotel**, Montreal.  
**MONTREAL, May, 1870.**

# ST. JAMES HOTEL,



## MONTREAL.

**T**HE UNDERSIGNED beg to notify the PUBLIC that they have PURCHASED the above well-known FIRST-CLASS HOTEL, and which is now carried on as a BRANCH ESTABLISHMENT of the ST. LAWRENCE HALL, under the management of Mr. SAMUEL MONTGOMERY (nephew of Mr. Hogan) and Mr. FREDERICK GERIKEN, both well-known to the Travelling community, both in the United States and Canada, as being connected with the ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

The ST. JAMES is very favorably situated, facing Victoria Square, in the very centre of the City, and contiguous to the Post Office and the Banks. Its convenience for Business-men is everything that can be desired, as it is in the immediate vicinity of the leading Wholesale Houses.

The Rooms, being well appointed and ventilated, are cheerful for Families; while the *Menage* will always be unexceptionable, and no pains spared in ministering to the comfort of Guests.

The Proprietors, having leased the adjoining premises, are prepared to offer every inducement to the Spring and Fall trade; and as their tariff is exceptionally reasonable, they hope to obtain a large share of public patronage.

MAY, 1870.

H. HOGAN & CO.

TEL,

## PEG TOP DEPOT.

**D. MORGAN,**

Merchant Tailor,

**MOUNTAIN HILL,**

**Quebec,**

**H**AS constantly on hand a large assortment of Ready-made Clothes, Hosiery, Shirts, Collars, Scarfs, Gloves, Sticks, Rubber Goods, Mackintoshes, Porte-Manteaux, Valises, Bags, &c., &c.

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**CHAS. HOUGH & SON,**

*(Successors to Late Ed. GINGRAS,)*

**CARRIAGE BUILDERS,**

No. 20, St. Ursule Street, Quebec,

**H**AVE always on hand and for sale, SUMMER and WINTER VEHICLES, of every description.

**CHAS. HOUGH,**

**Livery Stable Keeper,**

**38, ST. ANN STREET.**

**D**DOUBLE and SINGLE CARRIAGES, Waggoons, Saddle Horses, &c., &c., can always be had for hire at this Establishment.

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**ESTABLISHED 1835.**

**RENFREW & MARCOU,**

(LATE HENDERSON & RENFREW,)

**20, BUADE STREET, QUEBEC,**

*Opposite the French Cathedral.*

**OUR SHOW ROOMS,**

*Open during the Summer,*

Contain one of the **LARGEST** and **MOST VALUABLE**  
STOCKS of

**FURS IN CANADA!**

CONSISTING OF

**Hudson Bay and Russia Sable Setts,**

**SEALKSIN SACQUES,**

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**BEARSKIN AND ARCTIC FOX SLEIGH ROBES,**

*Moccasins, Snowshoes, and Indian Curiosities.*

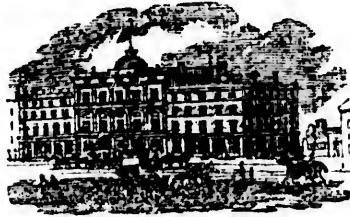
BEST LONDON-MADE

**Umbrellas, Walking Canes and**

**WATERPROOF CLOTHING,**

**All at the Lowest Possible Prices,**

# ST. LAWRENCE HALL,



SITUATED ON ST. JAMES STREET,  
**Montreal.**

**H. HOGAN, Proprietor.**

**T**HIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL (the LARGEST in MONTREAL,) is situated on St. James Street, in the immediate vicinity of the French Cathedral, or *Church Ville Marie*, Notre Dame Street, adjacent to the Post Office, Place d'Armes and Banks ; is only one minute's walk from Grey or Black Nunneries, New Court House, Reading Rooms, *Champ de Mars* (where the troops are reviewed), Mechanics' Institute, Bonsecours Market, and Fashionable Stores. The new Theatre Royal is directly in rear of the House, and several of the best boxes are regularly kept for guests of this Hotel. The ST. LAWRENCE HALL has long been regarded as the most popular and fashionable Hotel in Montreal, and is patronized by the Government on all public occasions, including that of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and suite, and that of His Excellency the Governor General and suite. During the past winter, the Hotel has been considerably enlarged, so that in future the Proprietor hopes to be able to accommodate comfortably all who may favour him with their patronage. All Rooms lighted by Gas.

The Consulate Office of the United States is in the Hotel, as well as Telegraph Office to all parts.

The Proprietor begs to announce that having recently purchased the ST. LAWRENCE HALL property, it is his intention next Fall to pull down and rebuild with all the modern improvements, including an Elevator ; thus making this Hotel second to none in the United States.

MONTREAL, May, 1870.

## QUEBEC—CACOUNA—SAGUENAY.

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As no special guide has hitherto been published descriptive of this route, it is deemed expedient to draw the attention of American Tourists to the romantic and beautiful scenery in this part of Northern Canada. Parties visiting Canada without making this tour, lose one of the grandest features of their trip: Québec, one of the oldest cities in America, famous for its battle-fields, monuments, fortifications, &c., with a view from the heights of Abraham *unequaled*. The Hotels, *St. Louis* and *Russell House*, kept by Russell Bros., have been thoroughly renovated during the past winter with ample accommodation, and are equal in every respect to any in Canada; from thence continuing their journey to the far-famed Saguenay, down the most beautiful part of the St. Lawrence River, calling at Murray Bay and *Rivière du Loup*, at the latter place taking the omnibusses for CACOUNA, the most celebrated watering place on the Lower St. Lawrence, and acknowledged by eminent medical men to be one of the most healthy summer resorts on this continent, having an Hotel (the St. Lawrence Hall) capable of accommodating 600 guests; from thence across to Tadousac, from which point they ascend the Saguenay River, the romantic scenery of which must be seen to be appreciated, passing Cape Trinity, the admiration of all travellers. In fact, the whole scenery of this route is of the most picturesque description, full of variety, and keeping the minds of Tourists thoroughly absorbed in admiration during the entire trip. Salmon and trout fishing to be had in the vicinity of Cacouna. The splendid steamers Union and Magnet leave Quebec for the Saguenay every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. CACOUNA can be reached also by Grand Trunk Railroad, as special trains run daily from Quebec to *Rivière du Loup*, at which station omnibusses and carriages are in waiting to convey parties to the Hotel. For time of departure, distances, rates of fare, &c., see page 28.

UENAY.

## QUEBEC:

AS SEEN BY AMERICAN, ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND CANADIAN  
WRITERS OF NOTE.

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QUEBEC, founded by Samuel de Champlain, in 1608, has certainly much to recommend itself, by historical memories and by scenery, to the traveller—the scholar—the historian. The wintering of the venture-some Jacques Cartier on the banks of the St. Charles, in 1535-6, by its remoteness, is an incident of interest not only to Canadians, but also to every denizen of America. It takes one back to an era nearly coeval with the discovery of the continent by Columbus—much anterior to the foundation of Jamestown, in 1607—anterior to that of St. Augustine in Florida, in 1592. Quebec has, then, a right to call herself an old, a very old, city of the west.

The colonization of Canada, or, as it was formerly called, New France, was undertaken by companies of French merchants engaged in the fur trade, close on whose steps followed a host of devoted missionaries, who found in the forests of this new and attractive country ample scope for the exercise of their religious enthusiasm. It was at Quebec that these Christian heroes landed; from hence, they started for the forest primeval, the bearers of the olive branch of Christianity, of civilization.

A fatal mistake committed at the outset by the French commanders, in taking part in the Indian wars, more than once brought the incipient colony to the verge of ruin: during these periods scores of devoted missionaries



fell under the scalping-knife or amidst incredible tortures, amongst the merciless savages whom they had come to reclaim. Indian massacres became so frequent, so appalling, that on several occasions the French thought of giving up the colony for ever. The rivalry between France and England added to the hardships and dangers of the few hardy colonists established at Quebec. Its environs, the shores of its noble river, more than once became the battle-fields of European armies. These were eventful periods—happily gone by, we hope, forever.

In his "*Pioneers of France in the New World*," the gifted Frs. Parkman mournfully reviews the vanished glories of old France in her former vast dominions in America :

"The French dominion is a memory of the past; and when we wake its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand, a boundless vision grows upon us : an untamed continent ; vast wastes of forest verdure ; mountains silent in primeval sleep ; river, lake, and glimmering pool ; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky : such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests ; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of a courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

Of all this mighty empire of the past, Quebec was the undisputed capital, the fortress, the key-stone.

It would be a curious study to place in juxta position the impressions produced on Tourists by the view of Quebec and its environs—from Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, down to William Howard Russell—Bull-Run Russell.

Champlain, La Potherie, La Hontan, Le Beau, Du Creux (Creuxius), Peter Kalm, Knox, Silliman, Ampère, Mrs. Moodie, Anthony Trollope, Sala, Revd. Henry Ward Beecher, have all left their impressions of the rocky citadel.

Mrs. Moodie (Susanna Strickland), in her sketches of Canadian life, graphically delineates her trip from Grosse Isle to Quebec, and the appearance of the city itself from the river :

“ On the 22nd of September (1832), the anchor was weighed, and we bade a long farewell to Grosse Isle. As our vessel struck into mid channel, I cast a last lingering look at the beautiful shores we were leaving. Cradled in the arms of the St. Lawrence, and basking in the bright rays of the morning sun, the island and its sister group looked like a second Eden just emerged from the waters of chaos. The day was warm, and the cloudless heavens of that peculiar azure tint which gives to the Canadian skies and waters a brilliancy unknown in more northern latitudes. The air was pure and elastic; the sun shone out with uncommon splendour, lighting up the changing woods with a rich mellow colouring, composed of a thousand brilliant and vivid dyes. The mighty river rolled flashing and sparkling onward, impelled by a strong breeze that tipped its short rolling surges with a crest of snowy foam.

“Never shall I forget that short voyage from Grosse Isle to Quebec. What wonderful combinations of beauty and grandeur and power, at every winding of that noble river !

“Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levi, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene ! Can the world produce another ? Edinburgh had been the *beau idéal* to me of all that was beautiful in nature—a vision of the Northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic ; but all these past recollections faded before the *present* of Quebec. Nature has ransacked all our grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. There frowns the cloud-capped mountain, and below, the cataract foams and thunders ; woods and rock and river combine to lend their aid in making the picture perfect, and worthy of its Divine originator. The precipitous bank upon which the city lies piled, reflected in the still, deep waters at its base, greatly enhances the romantic beauty of the situation. The mellow and serene glow of the autumn day harmonized so perfectly with the solemn grandeur of the scene around me, and sank so silently and deeply into my soul, that my spirit fell prostrate before it, and I melted involuntarily into tears.”

Such the poetic visions which were awakened in the poetic mind of the brilliant author of “*Roughing it in the Bush.*”

A distinguished French *littérateur*, fresh from the sunny banks of the Seine, thus discourses anent the ancient capital ; we translate :

“Few cities,” says M. Marmier, (1) “offer as many striking contrasts as Quebec, a fortress and a commercial city together, built upon the summit of a rock as the

(1) *Lettres sur l'Amérique* : X. Marmier. Paris, 1860.

nest of an eagle, while her vessels are everywhere wrinkling the face of the ocean; an American city inhabited by French colonists, governed by England, and garrisoned with Scotch regiments; (1) a city of the middle ages by most of its ancient institutions, while it is submitted to all the combinations of modern constitutional government; an European city by its civilization and its habits of refinement, and still close by the remnants of the Indian tribes and the barren mountains of the north; a city with about the same latitude as Paris, while successively combining the torrid climate of southern regions with the severities of an hyperborean winter; a city at the same time Catholic and Protestant, where the labours of our (French) missions are still uninterrupted alongside of the undertakings of the Bible Society, and where the Jesuits driven out of our own country (France) find a place of refuge under the ægis of British Puritanism!"

An American tourist thus epitomises the sights:

"As the seat of French power in America until 1759, the great fortress of English rule in British America, and the key of the St. Lawrence, Quebec must possess interest of no ordinary character for well-informed tourists. To the traveller there are innumerable points and items vastly interesting and curious:—The citadel and forts of Cape Diamond, with their impregnable ramparts that rival Gibraltar in strength and endurance against siege; the old walls of the city and their gates, each of which has its legend of war and bloody assault and repulse; the plains of Abraham, every foot of which is commemorated with blood and battle; Wolfe's monument, where the gallant and brave soldier died with a shout of victory on his lips; the Martello towets, with their subterranean communications with the citadel; the antique churches, paintings, and all her paraphernalia, treasures, and curiosities that are religiously preserved therein; the falls of Montmorenci;

(1) The Highlanders—78th, 79th, and 93rd.

the natural steps; Montcalm's house, and a thousand other relics of the mysterious past that has hallowed these with all the mystic interest that attaches to antiquity, great deeds, and beautiful memories. To see all these, a tourist requires at least two days' time; and surely no one who pretends to be a traveller, in these days of rapid transit, will fail to visit Quebec, the best city, the most hospitable place, and richer in its wealth of rare sights and grand old memorials, French peculiarities and English oddities, than any other city on this broad continent."

Hark to the sensational utterances of a real live New Yorker, Henry Ward Beecher :

"Queer old Quebec!—of all the cities on the continent of America, the quaintest. \* \* \* It is a populated cliff. It is a mighty rock, scarped and graded, and made to hold houses and castles which, by all proper natural laws, ought to slide off from its back, like an ungirded load from a camel's back. But they stick. At the foot of the rocks the space of several streets in width has been stolen from the river. \* \* \* We landed. \* \* \*

"Away we went, climbing the steep streets at a canter with little horses hardly bigger than flies, with an aptitude for climbing perpendicular walls. It was strange to enter a walled city through low and gloomy gates, on this continent of America. Here was a small bit of mediæval Europe perched upon a rock, and dried for keeping, in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal, in its kind, on this side of the ocean. \* \* \* \* \*

"We rode about as if we were in a picture-book, turning over a new leaf at each street! \* \* \* \* \* The place should always be kept old. Let people go somewhere else for modern improvements. It is a shame, when Quebec placed herself far out of the way, up in the very neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, that it should be hunted and harassed with new-fangled notions, and all the charming inconveniences, and the irregularities to

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narrow and tortuous streets, that so delight a traveller's eyes, should be altered to suit the fantastic notions of modern people. \* \* \* \* \*

"Our stay in Quebec was too short by far. But it was long enough to make it certain that we shall come back again. A summer in Canada would form one of the most delightful holidays that we can imagine. We mean to prove our sincerity by our conduct. And then, if it is not all that our imagination promises, we will write again and confess." (1)

Professor Benjamin Silliman discourses thus :

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"A seat of ancient dominion—now hoary with the lapse of more than two centuries—formerly the seat of a French empire in the west—lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders—throned on a rock, and defended by all the proud defiance of war! Who could approach such a city without emotion? Who in Canada has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec?"—(SILLIMAN'S *Tour in Canada*.)

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Let us complete this mosaic of descriptions and literary gems, borrowed from English, French, and American writers, by a sparkling *tableau* of the historic memories of Quebec, traced by a leading French Canadian *littérateur*, the author of *Charles Guérin* :

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"History is everywhere—around us—beneath us; from the depths of yonder valleys, from the top of that mountain, history rises up and presents itself to our notice, exclaiming : 'Behold me!'

"Beneath us, among the capricious meanders of the River St. Charles, the Cahir-Coubat of Jacques-Cartier, is the very place where he first planted the cross and held his first conference with the *Seigneur Donaconna*.

(1) New-York *Ledger*.

Here, very near to us, beneath a venerable elm tree, which, with much regret, we saw cut down, tradition states that Champlain first raised his tent. From the very spot on which we now stand, Count de Frontenac returned to Admiral Phipps that proud answer, as he said, *from the mouth of his cannon*, which will always remain recorded by history. Under these ramparts are spread the plains on which fell Wolfe and Montcalm, and where, in the following year, the Chevalier de Lévis and General Murray fought that other battle, in memory of which the citizens of Quebec are erecting (in 1854) a monument. Before us, on the heights of Beauport, the souvenirs of battles not less heroic, recall to our remembrance the names of Longueuil, St. Hélène, and Juchereau Duchesnay. Below us, at the foot of that tower on which floats the British flag, Montgomery and his soldiers all fell, swept by the grape-shot of a single gun pointed by a Canadian artilleryman.

“On the other hand, under that projecting rock, now crowned with the guns of old England, the intrepid Dambourgès, sword in hand, drove Arnold and his men from the houses in which they had established themselves. History is then everywhere around us. She rises as well from these ramparts, replete with daring deeds, as from those illustrious plains equally celebrated for feats of arms, and she again exclaims: ‘Here I am!’”

COSMOPOLITE.

## Hints to Tourists Visiting Quebec.

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There is a magnificent line of steamers leaving Montreal every evening, at 7 P.M., and reaching Quebec at 6 A.M. In addition to these floating palaces, equal to those on the Hudson, the Grand Trunk Railway Company run two trains per day to Quebec from Montreal.

Living is comparatively cheap, and hotel accommodation is as good as any Canadian city can furnish. There are at Quebec several dozens of minor hotels, and some extensive ones, such as Noonan's, Henchey's, Frchette's and Blanchard's Hotels, without counting the large Victoria Hotel at South Quebec. Two newly-furnished, vast hotels—the St. Louis Hotel and the Russell House, kept on the American principle—have, of course, from their size, the first claim on the traveller's attention; and the rush of visitors at these hotels during the summer months sufficiently testifies to the comfort and civility, which await the traveller. The Messrs. Russell—two obliging Americans—have *succeeded*, and deserve to succeed, as hosts.

The city and environs abound in drives varying from five to thirty miles, in addition to being on the direct line of travel to the far-famed Saguenay, Murray Bay, Kamouraska, Cacouna, Rimouski, Gaspé, and other noted watering places.

Quebec can minister abundantly to the tastes of those who like to yacht, fish, or shoot. Yachting, in fact, has become of late quite an institution. You can on these



mellow Saturday afternoons in August and September, meet the whole sporting and fashionable world of the Upper Town on the Durham Terrace or Lower Town wharves, bent on witnessing a trial of speed or seamanship between the *Mouette*, the *Black Hawk*, the *Wasp*, the *Shannon*, the *Bon Homme Richard*, and half a score of crack yachts and their owners.

Let us see what the city contains:—First, the west wing, built about 1789 by Governor Haldimand, to enlarge the *old Chateau* burnt down in January, 1834: this mouldering pile, now used as the Normal School, is all that remains of the stately edifice of old, overhanging and facing the Cul-de-Sac, where the lordly Count de Frontenac held his quasi regal court in 1691; next, the Laval University, founded in 1854, conferring degrees under its royal charter; the course of studies is similar to that of the celebrated European University of Louvain; then there is the Quebec Seminary, erected by Bishop Laval, a Montmorency, in 1663; the Ursuline Convent, founded in 1636 by Madame de la Peltrie; this nunnery, with the R. C. Cathedral, which was built in 1646, contains many valuable paintings, which left France about 1789; the General Hospital, founded two centuries ago by Monseigneur de St. Vallier; in 1759, it was the chief hospital for the wounded and the dying during the memorable battle of the 13th September—Arnold and his continentals found protection against the rigors of a Canadian winter behind its walls in 1775-6; the *Hotel-Dieu* nunnery, close to Palace Gate, dating more than two hundred years back.

As to the views to be obtained from Durham Terrace, the Glacis and the Citadel, they are unique in grandeur, each street has its own familiar vista of the sur-

rounding country. It is verily, as Henry Ward Beecher well expresses it, "like turning over the leaves of a picture-book."

A city crowning the summit of a lofty cape must necessarily be arduous of access; and when it is remembered how irregular is the *plateau* on which it stands, having yet for thoroughfares the identical Indian paths of Stadacona, or the narrow avenues and approaches of its first settlers in 1608, it would be vain to hope for regularity, breadth, and beauty, in streets such as many modern cities can glory in. It is yet in its leading features a city of the 17th century,—a quaint, curious, drowsy, but healthy location for human beings; a cheap place of abode; if you like a crenelated fort, with loop-holes, grim-looking old guns, sentries, pyramids of shot and shell: such the spectacle high up in the skies, in the airy locality called the Upper Town. Some hundred feet below, it exhibits a crowded mart of commerce, with vast beaches, where rafts of timber innumerable rest in safety, a few perches from where a whole fleet of *Great Easterns* might float secure, on the waters of the famed river. The two main roads outside the city, the St. Foy and St. Lewis Roads, are lined with the country seats of successful Quebec merchants, judges, professional men, retired English officers, &c.

On his way from the St. Louis Hotel, Louis street, the tourist notices, a few steps to the west, the antiquated one-story house where Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery was laid out after being found in his snowy shroud at *Près-de-Ville*, 31st December, 1775. This decayed old dwelling is but one story high. In 1775, it belonged to one Gobert, a cooper; and Brigdr.-General Montgomery's

remains, after having been identified by Mrs. Miles Prentice by a scar on his face, were deposited there, and removed on the 4th January, 1776, to be buried near the bastion at Louis Gate. Mr. L. G. Baillairgé, advocate, the present owner of this house, has commemorated this incident by an inscription on it, visible to every beholder.

After passing the Drill-Shed, the Military Home, the Ladies' Protestant Home, facing St. Bridget's Asylum, and adjoining the area which the Quebec Seminary intended to lay out as a Botanical Garden, the Jehu, amidst most miraculous details of the great battle, soon lands his passenger on the Plains of Abraham, close to the little monument which marks the spot where James Wolfe, the British hero, expired, near to the well from which water was procured to moisten his parched lips. A few minutes more brings one to Mr. Price's villa, Wolfe-field, where may be seen the rugged path up the St. Denis burn, by which the Highlanders and English soldiers gained a footing above, on that 13th September, 1759, destined to revolutionize the new world: the British, were piloted in their ascent of the St. Lawrence by a French prisoner of war brought with them from England—Denis de Vitré, a Quebec mariner. Their landing at Sillery was selected by Major Robert Stobo, who had, in May, 1759, escaped from a French prison in Quebec, and joined his countrymen, the English, at Louisbourg, from whence he took ship again to meet Saunders' fleet at Quebec. The tourist next drives past Thornhill, Sir Francis Hincks' old home, when Premier to Lord Elgin; opposite appear the leafy glades of Spencer Wood, so grateful a summer retreat, that my Lord used to say, "There he not only loved to live, but would like to rest there his

bones." Next comes Spencer Grange, the seat of J. M. LeMoine, Esq. ; then Woodfield, the homestead of the Hon. Wm. Sheppard, in 1847, now of Messrs. John L. and Jas. Gibb. The eye next dwells on the little rustic chapel of St. Michael, embowered in evergreens ; close to which looms out, at *Sous les Bois*, the stately convent of *Jesus-Marie* ; then you see villas innumerable—that is, if you enter beyond the secluded portals of Benmore, Col. Rhodes' country seat ; Clermont, Beauvoir, Kilmarnock, Cataraqui, Kilgraston, Kirk-Ella, Meadow Bank, &c., until, after a nine-miles' drive, Redclyffe closes the rural landscape—Redclyffe, on the top of the cape of Cap Rouge, where many indications yet mark the spot where Roberval's ephemeral colony wintered as far back as 1542. You can now, if you like, return to the city by the same road, or select the St. Foy Road, skirting the classic heights where General Murray, six months after the first battle of the Plains, lost the second, on 28th April, 1760 ; the St. Foy Church was then occupied by the British soldiers. Your gaze next rests on Holland House, Montgomery's headquarters in 1775, behind which is Holland Tree, overshadowing, as of yore, the grave of the Hollands.

The view, from the St. Foy road, of the meandering St. Charles below, especially during the high tides, is something to be remembered. The tourist shortly after detects the iron pillar, surmounted by a bronze statue of Bellona, presented in 1855 by Prince Napoleon Bonaparte—intended to commemorate the fierce struggle of 28th April, 1760. In close vicinity appear the bright *partefres* or umbrageous groves of *Bellevue*, Hamwood, Bijou, Westfield, *Sans-Bruit*, and the dark gothic arches of the Finlay Asylum ; and the traveller re-enters by St.

John's suburbs, with the broad basin of the St. Charles and the pretty Island of Orleans staring him in the face. Drive down next to see the Montmoreney Falls and the little room which the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, occupied in 1791. A trip to the Island of Orleans in the ferry will also repay trouble; it costs next to nothing; half an hour of brisk steaming will do it. The Island contains passable hotel accommodation. Cross then to St. Joseph, Levi, per ferry steamer, and go and behold the most complete, the most formidable, as to plan, the most modern earthworks in the world, making you forget those of Antwerp. Three regiments of soldiers were busily engaged erecting these forts, from which, at a point to the north-east, a plunging fire from above can be brought to bear, which would sink the most invulnerable iron-clad in the world. The military bands attract many visitors to the forts on the days on which they play.

A trip to the Chaudière Falls, nine miles distant, cannot be omitted,—no more than a drive to Lake St. Charles by Indian Lorette, and a *sail* in a birch canoe to the rocky shores of Echo Bay. Diverge to the east, and drive to Lake Beauport, to luxuriate on its red trout; but mind you stop on your return and take a caulker of Glenlivet or old Bourbon or Sillery Mousseux on the banks of the trout stream, next to the Hermitage, at Charlesbourg. Step in to the *Chateau*; sit down, like Volney amidst the ruins of Palmyra, and meditate on the romantic, though unhappy, fate of dark-eyed Caroline, Bigot's Rosamond, (1) some hundred years ago. You imagine you have seen everything; not so, my friend! Tell your driver to let you out, opposite

Ringfield, on the Charlesbourg road, and, if at home, Mr. G. H. Parke, the obliging proprietor, will surely grant you leave to visit the extensive earthworks, behind his residence, raised by Montcalm in 1759—so appropriately called Ringfield. Hurry back to town in time to accept *that* invitation to dine at the Club; then, spend the evening agreeably at the Morrin College, in the cosy rooms of the Literary and Historical Society, and retire early, preparing yourself for the great campaign of the morrow. To the Lakes! To the Lakes! Here are a few of them: Lake Calvaire, at St. Augustin; Lake St. Joseph, *Lac à la Truite*, *Lac Philip*, *Lac Jaune*, Snow Lake, *Lac Blanc*, *Lac Sud-ouest*, *Lac Vincent*, *Lac Thomas*, *Lac Claire*, Lake Mackenzie, Lake Sagamite, Lake Burns, Lake Bonnet—all within a few hours' drive from Quebec, with the exception of Snow Lake. It is not uncommon to catch trout weighing from 12lbs. to 20lbs. in Lake St. Joseph and Snow Lake, during the winter months. COSMOPOLITE.

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(1) You can peruse Caroline's very pathetic tale in that repository of Canadian lore, *Maple Leaves*, which you will find a trustworthy guide for objects without the city; whilst *Hawkins's Historical Picture of Quebec* (the new edition) will, in language most classic, enlighten you as to what Quebec contains, or did contain, within its old walls.

## THE RIVER SAGUENAY AND ITS SALMON FISHING.

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Methinks the spirits of the brave,  
Who on thy banks have found a grave,  
Still linger, loath to fly ;  
And on the moanings of the gale  
Strange shapes ride forth, all cold and pale,  
Unseen by heedless eye.

Oft in mine ears hath darkly rung  
Their solemn requiem, softly sung—  
Mysterious, deep, and chill,  
And, dying off, come back again,  
In sweet, unearthly, ghostly strain—  
The mournful night-winds o'er the hill.     K K K.

The interior of the wild country watered by the River Saguenay, was better known, strange to say, two hundred years ago, in the days of the Jesuit missionaries Crespeuil and Albanel, than in the present age. Few white men had wandered over these silent wastes which echoed to the warwhoops of the Montagnais and Nascapé Indians, sole masters of this boundless territory.

Jacques Cartier had cast anchor, 'tis true, at Tadousac on 1st September, 1535. The flattering accounts he subsequently published, of the mineral riches of the Saguenay country, were derived from the Indian chief Donacona, who repeated the same assertions when brought in the presence of the French monarch Francis I. In Champlain's time (1610), mention is made of a renowned Montagnais Sagamo, named *Anadabijou*, who had an interview with Champlain and Lescarbot, at *Pointe-aux-Bouleaux*, about one mile west of Tadousac.

In the course of my Waltonian rambles in the lower St. Lawrence, I have seen nature in her blandest forms ; I have seen her also in all her rugged beauty. No where,

ever, have I been more impressed with her grim majesty than in ascending the deep, black waters of the Saguenay. Reader, have you ever felt, on a bright June morning, or on a pensive September afternoon, the awful solitude of the spot? Did you ever, in fact, face the "terrors of the Saguenay?" Lest I might underrate them, let me borrow from an able account, penned by a European tourist (Mr. Wood, the special correspondent of the *London Times*); who recently formed one of the Prince of Wales's party in the English ship-of-war *Flying Fish*:

"Gloomy black clouds rested on the mountains, and seemed to double their height, pouring over the rugged cliffs in a stream of mist, till, lifting suddenly with the hoarse gusts of wind, they allowed short glimpses into what may almost be called the terrors of the Saguenay scenery. It is on such a day, above all others, that the savage wildness and gloom of this extraordinary river is seen to the greatest advantage. Sunlight and clear skies are out of place over its black waters. Anything which recalls the life and smile of nature is not in unison with the huge naked cliffs, raw, cold, and silent as tombs. An Italian spring could effect no change in its deadly rugged aspect; nor does winter add an iota to its mournful desolation. It is a river which one should see if only to know what dreadful aspects Nature can assume in her wild moods. Once seen, however, few will care to visit it again, for it is with a sense of relief that the tourist emerges from its sullen gloom, and looks back upon it as a kind of vault—nature's sarcophagus, where life or sound seems never to have entered. Compared to it, the Dead Sea is blooming, and the wildest ravines look cosy and smiling. It is wild without the least variety, and grand apparently in spite of itself; while so utter is the solitude, so dreary and monotonous the frown of its great black walls of rock, that the tourist is sure to get impatient with its sullen dead reverse, till he feels almost an antipathy to its very name. Some six miles above is



the little town, or, as in England we should call it, village of Tadousac. It is more than 300 years since Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, the bold adventurer, who, through his misinterpretation of the Indian word "welcome," gave the present name to the country, landed here. It was almost his first real resting-place; and the first mention which we have of the Saguenay is one which now well befits its savage aspect, for Cartier sent a boat and crew to explore its rocky chasm, which were never more heard of. From that day to this, the river has had a name which, allowing for the difference of times and creeds, only Styx can equal. At the mouth of the Saguenay the water varies in depth from ten to sixteen fathoms; but once between the walls of the river, and the depth from end to end is never less than 100 fathoms, generally 150. On either side, at a distance of about a mile apart, the cliffs rise up thin, white, and straight, varying in perpendicular height from 1,200 to 1,600 feet; and this is the character of the river Saguenay from its mouth to its source. On the right bank, the cliffs are poorly mantled here and there with stunted pines; but on the left, there is scarcely a sign of life or verdure; and the limestone rocks stick up white and bleached in the gloomy air, like the bones of an old world.

"At two places, St. Marguerite and between Capes Trinity and Eternity, where smaller tributaries pour their contributions into the deep, black stream, a breach occur in the wall of rocks, as if some giant hand had torn them forcibly back, and left them strewn and baffled of their power in uncouth lumps over the valleys beyond. But these are the only openings, the only means of escape, if they may be so called, from the silent gloom of this dread river. The Saguenay seems to want painting, wants blowing up, or draining—anything, in short, to alter its morose, eternal, quiet awe. Talk of Lethe or the Styx, they must have been purling brooks compared with this savage river, and a picnic on the banks of either would be preferable to one on the Saguenay!

On the occasion of the Prince of Wales' first visit, on the 14th, the mist and rain hid half its gloom, but more than enough was seen to send the party back to the "Hero" at about five o'clock wet and dull. There was rather a state dinner on board the flagship that evening, and the Prince, having to be up early the next morning, retired at twelve.

"Before six a.m. he was again on board the Governor's steamer, and away up the Saguenay to fish. Before he left, Captain Hope, of the "Flying Fish," had received orders to get up steam and take all the officers of the squadron on an excursion up the river. Of course, everybody wished to go, and, as the day was bright and glorious, everybody that could come came. The "Flying Fish" thus had the honour of being the first man-of-war that ever passed up the Saguenay, and if the whole navy of England is sent, I am sure a merrier party will never enter its waters than steamed up on that occasion. Even the Saguenay could not depress their spirits, and if that was not a proof of the zest with which all entered into the day's enjoyment it would be hard to say what was. From St. Marguerite the smart little sloop steamed on to where the wild scenery of the river culminates at a little inlet on the right bank between Capes Trinity and Eternity. Than these two dreadful headlands nothing can be imagined more grand or more impressive. For one brief moment the rugged character of the river is partly softened, and, looking back into the deep valley between the capes, the land has an aspect of life and wild luxuriance which, though not rich, at least seems so in comparison with the grievous, awful barrenness. Cape Trinity on the side towards the landward opening is pretty thickly clothed with fir and birch, mingled together in a colour contrast which is beautiful enough, especially when the rocks show out among them, with their little cascades and waterfalls like strips of silver shining in the sun. But Cape Eternity well becomes its name, and is the very reverse of all this. It seems to frown in gloomy indignation on its brother cape for

the weakness it betrays in allowing anything like life or verdure to shield its wild, uncouth deformity of strength. Cape Eternity certainly shows no sign of relaxing in this respect from its deep savage grandeur. It is one tremendous cliff of limestone, more than 1500 feet high, and inclining forward nearly 200 feet, brow-beating all beneath it, and seeming as if at any moment it would fall and overwhelm the deep black stream which flows down so cold, so deep and motionless below. High up, on its rough gray brows, a few stunted pines show like bristles their scathed white arms, giving an awful weird aspect to the mass, blanched here and there by the tempests of ages, stained and discoloured by little waterfalls, in blotchy and decaying spots, but all speaking mutely of a long-gone time when the Saguenay was old, silent and gloomy, before England was known, or the name of Christianity understood. Unlike Niagara, and all other of God's great works in nature, one does not wish for silence or solitude here. Companionship becomes doubly necessary in an awful solitude like this, and though you involuntarily talk in subdued tones, still talk you must, if only to relieve your mind of the feeling of loneliness and desolation which seems to weigh on all who venture up this stern, grim, watery chasm.

"The 'Flying Fish' passed under this cape slowly with her yards almost touching the rock, though with more than a thousand feet of water under her. Even the middies and youngsters from the squadron were awed by the scene into a temporary quietness. The solemn and almost forbidden silence at last became too much. The party said they had not come out to be overawed, chilled, and subdued by rocks, however tremendous, so it was carried *nem. con.* that, dead and stony as they were, they must at least have echoes, and the time was come to wake them. In a minute after, and Captain Hope having good-naturedly given his consent, one of the largest 68-pounders was cast loose and trained ast to face the cliff. From under its overhanging mass the 'Flying Fish' was moved with

care lest any loose crag should be sufficiently disturbed by the concussion to come down bodily upon her decks. A safe distance thus gained, the gun was fired. None who were in the 'Flying Fish' that day will ever forget its sound. For the space of a half a minute or so after the discharge there was a dead silence, and then, as if the report and concussion were hurled back upon the decks, the echoes came down crash on crash. It seemed as if the rocks and crags had all sprung into life under the tremendous din, and as if each was firing 68-pounders full upon us, in sharp, crushing volleys, till at last they grew hoarser and hoarser in their anger, and retreated, bellowing slowly, carrying the tale of invaded solitude from hill to hill, till all the distant mountains seemed to roar and groan at the intrusion. It was the first time these hideous cliffs had ever been made to speak, and when they did break silence they did it to some purpose.

A few miles further on, the "Flying Fish" passed under Statue Point, where, at about 1000 feet above the water a huge rough Gothic arch gives entrance to a cave in which, as yet, the foot of man has never trodden. Before the entrance to this black aperture a gigantic rock, like the statue of some dead Titan, once stood. A few years ago, during the winter, it gave way, and the monstrous figure came crashing down through the ice of the Saguenay, and left bare to view the entrance to the cavern it had guarded perhaps for ages. Beyond this, again, was the Tableau Rock, a sheet of dark-coloured limestone, some 600 feet high by 300 wide, as straight and almost as smooth as a mirror.

DISTANCES, RATE OF FARE, MODE OF CONVEY-  
ANCE, &c., &c., &c.

MONTREAL TO QUEBEC VIA RICHELIEU CO.'S STEAMERS.—  
*Quebec*, Capt. LaBelle, and *Montreal*, Capt. Nelson, daily,  
leaving Montreal at 7 P.M., arriving at Quebec following  
morning at 6 A.M. *Fare*, including Meals and State Room,  
\$3.00. Returning, leave Quebec daily at 4 P.M., arriving  
in Montreal 6 A.M. following morning. Distance, 170 miles.

VIA GRAND TRUNK R. ROAD.—Express Trains leave  
Montreal daily at 2 P.M., arriving in Quebec same evening  
at 9.30. Returning, leaving Quebec daily, at 1.30 P.M.,  
connecting with Trains at Richmond for the White  
Mountain, arriving in Montreal same evening at 9. There  
is a night train also with sleeping car attached, each way,  
arriving the following morning. Rate, of fare \$3.00.

CANADIAN NAVIGATION COY.'S STEAMERS.—*Union*, Captain  
Fairgrievies, and *Magnet*, Capt. Simpson, leave Quebec  
every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, at 7  
A.M., on arrival of the Steamer from Montreal, arriving at  
River du Loup at 4.30 P.M.; Tadousac (mouth of the  
Saguenay) 7 P.M., same day, and Ha-Ha Bay (head of the  
Saguenay River) early the following morning. Returning  
same morning by day-light down the Saguenay River,  
reaching River-du-Loup in the evening, at 5 P.M., and  
Quebec following morning. Fare to Ha-Ha Bay and  
return, \$6.00; Meals and State-Rooms extra. Distance each  
way, 190 miles. Through Tickets allow passengers to lay  
over at any point on the route.

Two Trains, via Grand Trunk Railroad, leave Quebec  
daily, for River-du-Loup and Cacouna, arriving same day.  
Distance, 120 miles. Rate of fare, \$2.00; Return Ticket,  
\$3.00 to River-du-Loup. Parties visiting Cacouna can  
take one of the Steamers every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday  
and Saturday evenings, at 5 P.M., from River-du-Loup, and  
make the trip up the Saguenay River, returning the  
following evening at 5 P.M.

The Houses advertised in this Book are strongly  
recommended as first-class in every respect, where the best  
description of goods, in their respective lines, can at all  
times be purchased at reasonable rates.

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